11621.c.12

THE

CRAFTY LOVERS;

OR

A WINDSOR MISER out-witted.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. How an old miſer underſtanding his daughter was in love with a pretty butcher, got a canting teacher to perſuade her not to marry againſt her father's conſent.

PART II. How Mr Sanctity preached a ſermon on that ſubject, which made the young couple contrive to cheat the old miſer and the canting teacher.

PART III. How the butcher dreſſed himſelf in a bullock's hide, and appearing like the devil, obliged the miſer to conſent to his daughter's marriage with him, beſides getting from him a conſiderable ſum of money, and frightening the canting teacher out of his ſeven ſenſes.

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The Crafty Lover's Garland, &c.

OF all the merry frolick's
That lately have been done,
Come liften unto me a while,
And I will you one:
In Windfor liv'd a maiden,
A miſer's daughter fair,
And ſhe had many ſweethearts,
To court her as we hear.
There was a London butcher,
Upon her caſt an eye,
And ſoon he found out means,
To get into her company;
The damſel lov'd him dearly,
But yet as we do find,
They could not bring the father to,
He was to them unkind.
Her father was a canter,
Contrary to her mind,
The day he call'd her unto him,
Saying, daughter, I do find
You entertain the butcher;
But while that I do live,
If ever you do marry him,
I'll you no portion give.
Father, I do not value
Your gold nor ſilver bright,
'Tis the pretty butcher
That is my heart's delight,

And yonder he is coming,
  And looks ſo neat and trim,
If I'm ſure to loſe my life,
  I'll ſhortly wed with him.
Her father hearing what ſhe ſaid,
  For the canting teacher ſent,
And told to him immediately,
  What was the maid's intent;
Well, well, ſir, ſaid the teacher,
  If you'll to me incline,
I'll preach a ſermon unto her,
  Shall quickly change her mind.
It ſhall be on next Sunday,
  You muſt order it ſo,
That ſhe unto the meeting
  Along with you muſt go;
And as the teacher order'd it,
  This thing was to be done;
She went to meeting with her dad,
  When Sunday it was come.

PART II.

THE teacher he began to preach,
  How dreadful was the crime,
When children diſobey their parents,
  And wed againſt their mind;
In diſmal ſort he thumps his cuſhion,
  And lifted up his eyes,
Saying, ſiſters of the holy flock,
  I'd have you all be wiſe.
Virginity's a happy ſtate,
  You very well may know;
How can you pleaſe your huſbands,

And ſerve your maker too?
Much more ſurely when you wed
Againſt your parents mind;
I ſay the ſin is double,
And ſo you'll ſurely find.
Much more concerning of the ſin,
The teacher did declare;
He ſigh'd and ſmote upon his breaſt,
And then fell down to prayer,
And prayed that virgins might have grace
To keep them pure and chaſte;
The damſel ſmil'd, ſaying, I find
How he believes the caſe.
At night the pretty butcher
Came tripping o'er the green;
The damſel goes to meet him,
And tells him all the game;
She preach'd the ſermon over,
Which made the butcher ſmile,
Saying, love, I'll find another way,
My father to beguile.
I'll tell him if he'll not conſent,
That I ſhould be your bride;
I'll ſell myſelf unto old nick,
Whatever ſhall betide;
If like a devil you'll dreſs yourſelf,
At night I'll let you in;
I'll make my father for
His catching teacher ſend again.
The butcher lik'd the frolick,
With many kiſſes ſweet,
They parted, the next evening

They were again to meet;
But when ſhe to her father came,
He flew into a rage,
Saying, I do find you litle mind
What the teacher ſaid.
Your teacher ſhall not preach me
Out of my wits ſhe cry'd,
For I'm reſolved, If I'm not made
The pretty butcher's bride,
I'll ſell myſelf unto old nick,
To be revenged on you;
And he ſhall fetch you both away,
You and your teacher too.
So in a ſeeming paſſion,
Unto her room ſhe went;
Her father liſten'd at the door,
Leſt ſhe for miſchief bent;
He heard her talk and grumble,
And make the bargain fair,
The old man run into his room,
And ſtraight fell down to prayer.
She told her maid the fancy
And meaning of the thing,
Deſiring her at night,
To let her lover in,
She did ſuppoſe the teacher
Would with her father be;
I'll make him turn his tale, ſhe cry'd,
Which he did preach to me.
Next morning her father he aroſe,
And all his bags of gold
He cramm'd into his bolſter,

Leſt Satan ſhould lay hold
Of all his ill-got treaſure,
Which was by right his own;
So he ſent for the teacher,
And told him what he'd done.
His daughter ſhe kept herſelf
Within her room all day;
At night good Mr Devil,
To her father went his way.
The butcher had a brother,
To whom he told the thing,
And ſo he muſt a devil be,
And go along with him.

PART III.

THE Butcher get's a bullock's hide,
As black as any jet,
And each of them had made themſelves
Artificial cloven feet,
Two fiery eyes like ſaucers,
Were placed within the hide,
His tail was round about his waiſt,
And moſt pleaſantly tied.
The brother in a frightful ſhape,
Did likewiſe there appear;
Betty having let them in,
They both up ſtairs did ſteer,
The miſer and his daughter,
The teacher, all were ſet;
The devil cry'd, I'm very glad
To ſee you all are met.
Madam you muſt go with me,
For now you are my own;
We defy you, Satan, ſaid the teacher,
And ſo let her alone.
The butcher's brother whips
The teacher on his back,

And down the ſtairs he run with him,
The miſer trembling ſat.
Come, ſir, you muſt go with me,
The butcher he did cry,
No, Mr Devil, you muſt take
My daughter, 'tis not I.
No, you muſt go along with me,
Your daughter ſtays behind,
You've been the cauſe of all her woe,
You've been to her unkind.
Think you your teacher could you ſave,
He's long ago been mine,
And every canter in this land,
I'll have in little time;
So for to follow after him,
I'd have you now be free.
The miſer cry'd, may I this bolſter
Take along with me?
Why, what is in this bolſter,
That you make ſo much ado?
My money ſays the miſer,
Then he did like thunder roar;
Oh! I muſt have your money too,
The devil he did ſay,
Then prithee, devil, take it all,
And pardon me I pray.
He throws the bolſter on the floor,
The butcher puts it on his back,
I charge you in another thing,
You by no means are ſlack,
Your daughter to the butcher,
To morrow give to wife;
The miſer ſaid, indeed I will,
If I ſo long have life.
So letting off a ſquib
Of powder he had there,
The old man run under the bed,
And the devil got off clear.
The teacher in the cellar,

He lay beſhit for fear,
And when he ſaw the devil go,
He then fell down to prayer:
The daughter in a ſham fit,
She dropp'd upon the ground,
And as her father thought,
She lay in a dreadful ſwoon;
When morning light it did appear,
The teacher creeps up ſtairs,
The miſer cry'd under the bed,
Oh Teacher are you there?
Ah! ſaid the teacher, I have pray'd
Myſelf out of his power,
Then pray for all my gold again,
For they have got my ſtore.
But ſend now for the butcher,
And let them married be,
The daughter cry'd, without a portion
He never will have me.
Why, I have an hundred pound in ſtore,
Which I will freely give,
But I'm reſolved, in my houſe
You ſhall no longer live.
They ſent then for the butcher,
So they both married were;
The father's loſs has been ſo great,
He fell into deſpair.
The maid diſclos'd the matter,
And ſo the joke was known;
But now the butcher lives as great
As e'er a lord in town.
I wiſh all ſurly fathers
Were bit as far as he,
For now the butcher and his bride,
They happy days do ſee.

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